wholly upon Him. His hopes have their warrant 'in His
mercy. His foresight has its fountain-source in His Pro-
vidence. By himself nothing; imbued, indwelt, inspired
by Him, he becomes wise, virtuous ap.d worthy.
What can we do without rendering our homage unto
Him? What can we think without thinking of. Him?
What can we feel without feeling after Him ? Our deeds
are but crude reproductions of His designs. Our thoughts
are but dim reflections of **His** ideas. Our affections are but
faint imitations of His mercies. Verily, He is *Bhaktajeevana.*
As *Sivam,* He is that Mercy that manifests itself in
every throb of the heart, in every beat of the* pulse, in every
sight, in every sound, in every ray of the sun, in every drop
of the dew. Every drop in the deep ocean is His crystal
Mercy. Every star in the expansive firmament is His beam-
ing Mercy. Every flower that makes the earth an Eden
is His fragrant Mercy. Every lisp of the innocent babe
fresh from His Bosom is His cheering Mercy. Every look of
confidence and trust from eye to eye is His unifying Mercy.
Every word of genuine insight, wherever spoken, is the

gospel of His own illuminating Mercy. Every heave of the
breath signifies a two-fold Mercy, His incoming, life-bringing
and His out-going, refuse-removing Mercy. In fact, the
body, the mind, the heart, the soul, all proclaim the abid-
ance of His Mercy. The door of His Mercy is never shut,
the gate of His Forgiveness is never closed upon the suppliant.
No one has shed the tears of penitence at His threshold
but has had the flood-gates of His Mercy opened out and
his sins washed away. He does not judge us by His great-
ness but cleanses us by the waters of His Grace.
Above all. He is the all-unifying Love that matures
re-vivifying hope, regenerating faith and redeeming good-
ness into complete, trustful self-surrender unto His Will.
The Supreme Being is **Suddham apapaviddham**—
the Central Self-sub sistent Sun of Immaculate Holiness. He is